STORMWATCH: TEAM ACHILLES #12

"FLOCK TOGETHER"

by

Micah Ian Wright

First Draft 2/18/03

Wildstorm Comics
888 Prospect Avenue

La Jolla, CA 92037

StormWatch: Team Achilles
"Flock Together"
Written by Micah Ian Wright
First Draft
February 18, 2003

PAGE 1

PANEL ONE

A White Man's Hand knocking on the front door of a NYC Brownstone.

NO DIALOG

PANEL TWO

The door slams open. An African-American woman stands there, dressed in an expensive cardigan sweater, she's angry, looking down at her buttons, not paying attention to who's at the door.

DENISE COLEMAN
Danny, you were **supposed** to be here 40 minutes ago! I can't have you-

PANEL THREE

Widescreen panel. Angle from over her shoulder onto the street. Ben Santini stands on her stoop stairs dressed in full Army Dress Green Class A uniform, complete with Special Forces, Ranger and Airborne tabs with the special forces flash beneath it (the tower of power) -- here's a pic. Hell, give Santini a Bronze Star like this guy. http://www.house.gov/pryce/photos/Bronze.jpg

Standing behind him is Flint in a BLACK StormWatch Dress Uniform.

DENISE COLEMAN
Oh, no.

SANTINI
I'm so sorry, Denise.

PANEL FOUR

On the woman. She's mad, eyes watering up.

DENISE COLEMAN
Oh Lord, Ben... how did you let this happen? Was it painful?

SANTINI
No, Denise... he never felt a thing.

PAGE 2

PANEL ONE

Flashback to the Federal Reserve Robbery in issue #11.

Santini cradles the dead, headless body of Blake Coleman. He's got blood all over his arms.

SANTINI
Oh Lord. Oh sweet Jesus Christ in his Heaven. What the Hell happened?

PANEL TWO

Grunier begins to cover Coleman with a sheet. Santini begins to stand up.

GRUNIER
I don't know. When I teleported in, I found Cisco in shock and Coleman dead.

SANTINI
Coleman was holding the fort here, watching Cisco. Why didn't he kill Cisco as well?

GRUNIER
He?

PANEL THREE

Santini. Pissed. Jager stands next to him as they watch Grunier finish covering Coleman's body. It looks weird under the sheet with no head to complete the silhouette.

SANTINI
We left one of the human robbers in here. He was flex-cuffed and had been knocked unconscious by 200 decibels of ultrasound.

SANTINI
That's not the type of situation normal people wake up and walk away from. Much less get the drop on Blake Coleman.

JAEGER
Maybe he wasn't as human as he looked? Or maybe someone helped him?

PANEL FOUR

Over Jaeger's shoulder, on Santini. Santini snaps, whirling and pointing at Jaeger's face. Think Neal Adams... pointing at screen.

2 CONTINUED:

SANTINI
No Shit! You want to make yourself helpful, Jaeger? WHY DON'T YOU TRY LOOKING AROUND FOR MY BEST FRIEND'S HEAD!

PAGE 3

PANEL ONE

Back on the stoop. Ben holds two envelopes out to Denise Coleman.

DENISE COLEMAN
What’s this?

SANTINI
One of them’s a letter from Blake to Danny. The other one’s a check. It’s Blake’s share of the Project Entry funds.

DENISE COLEMAN
Blake’s alimony ended a long time ago. I don’t want your blood money, Santini.

PANEL TWO

Santini’s pissed.

SANTINI
A lot of people besides Blake died for that money, Denise. You don’t want it, use it for Danny’s tuition.

DENISE COLEMAN
I... Thank you. You didn’t have to do this.

SANTINI
Yes I did. One condition: Send Danny someplace warm. Blake hated the Northeast. UCLA or Florida State... someplace like that.

DENISE COLEMAN
Nashville warm enough for you? He’s already been accepted to Fisk.

PANEL THREE

Santini and Flint stand in a NYC Subway car. Santini doesn’t look happy.

SANTINI
Fisk. **HER** college. Typical.

FLINT
How long had they been divorced?

SANTINI
Geez, eight, nine years? Last time I saw the kid he was twelve... but Blake never missed spending his free time with him.

3 CONTINUED:

FLINT
And the rest of the team? Do they all have families also?

PANEL FOUR

Santini looks at Flint. Small sad smile.

SANTINI
No families. That's been my rule ever since Project Entry.

FLINT
I keep hearing whispers. Project Entry this, Project Entry that. What **is** it?

SANTINI
I keep forgetting you haven't taken a ride yet. What's funny is that it came out of a StormWatch project...

PAGE 4

PANEL ONE
On a large video monitor, The Authority are using an "authority door," disappearing into thin air.

Ben Santini and Dr. Kendricks are watching the video together. Kendricks is a hot chick, but with HUGE THICK-ASS black-rimmed glasses that make her look like a total nerd. Santini is younger, with only one metal knee. It's essential that we see this, so do something with the staging and the clothing to accentuate this. Have a big oversized metal knee on one side and a human one on the other. Gross... like a door hinge, not something human.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
...Way back when I was the Acting Director of International Operations, the scariest spy organization ever conceived of.

SANTINI
There! That's it. They call it the "**door**." I want one.

DR. KENDRICKS
You can't have one. It's not possible with present human technology. What's wrong with your current teleporter?

SANTINI
My current teleporter is too dependent on orbital satellites. This one? No satellites. What's with the negative waves? Why can't you build me one?

DR. KENDRICKS
Are you familiar with the concept of Alternate Universes?

PANEL TWO

Santini kicks back in his chair and half-listens to Kendricks.

SANTINI
Sure. Ulysses S. Grant trips, cracks his head open on a rock, the South goes on to win the Civil War, all of history changes. Science Fiction bullshit.

DR. KENDRICKS
No, it's not. Before the UN StormWatch satellite crashed last year, their science labs punched through to a parallel universe.

4 CONTINUED:

DR. KENDRICKS
I believe The Authority's "**Door**" uses this theory to travel from location to location in our universe **AND** through parallel universes.

SANTINI
So what? At the end of the day, it's still just a jumped-up teleporter.

PANEL THREE

Dr. Kendricks makes a worried face. Her scared! Santini leans forward and towards her in his chair... him worried also!

DR. KENDRICKS
To other dimensions, other Earths. Some just like ours, some so radically different that there is no human life on them, others so scientifically advanced that their technology would seem like magic to us.

SANTINI
And the people with access to that technology are six superhumans with no allegiance to any of the established superpowers? Not a comforting thought. How did they get it?

PANEL FOUR

Small. Kendricks shrugs. Santini smiles.

DR. KENDRICKS
I know they didn't build it. Maybe someone from another universe gave them the technology? We could replicate the StormWatch experiment--punch through to nearby universes and obtain a higher degree of technology to replicate The Authority's door.

SANTINI
How Long?

DR. KENDRICKS
With a decent budget... I could get a very limited prototype online in Sixteen weeks.

SANTINI
You've got **TEN**. As for budget, I'll throw open the International Operations moneysack -- unlimited funds. Just be online in TEN weeks.

PAGE 5

PANEL ONE

Santini and Flint leaving a subway entrance, going streetside.

FLINT
I remember that parallel universe StormWatch. A war happened there. Several of our team felt we should have intervened on that alternate Earth.

SANTINI
What did **you** think?

FLINT
That if we wanted to kill dictators and stop wars, there were plenty here on our own Earth.

SANTINI
Good answer. Wish I'd been smart enough to see that clearly back then.

PANEL TWO

Flashback.

Dr. Kendricks, Coleman and Santini stand in front of Project Entry, a primitive version of what eventually becomes StormWatch's teleport chamber. Technicians mill about, flipping switches, etc.

DR. KENDRICKS
I call it Project Entry.

COLEMAN
Cute name. How much did it cost the taxpayers?

DR. KENDRICKS
About Six Hundred Seventy Three Million Dollars. You did say ten weeks. How did you hide the money from Congress?

SANTINI
The Pentagon bought **a lot** of $500 hammers this year. Does this thing work?

PANEL THREE

Kendricks stands in front of a Mars-Explorer type robot (not a Robbie the robot type robot).

DR. KENDRICKS
Not as well as The Authority's door... but for our present level of technology, it's pretty amazing.

5 CONTINUED:

DR. KENDRICKS
We've sent several robots through on test trips, already. We plan to send the first manned mission through tomorrow.

PANEL FOUR

Coleman looks at a huge computer server box. Santini pats him on the back. In the foreground, A MUSTACHED TECHNICIAN is working on a machine.

COLEMAN
And guess who's the guinea pig?

SANTINI
Hey, you volunteered!

COLEMAN
Needed the Hazard Bonus to pay my alimony.

SANTINI
You volunteered for that, too!

SANTINI (CAPTION)
Now, this next bit, I wasn't actually there for, but I imagine it went a little like this...

PAGE 6

PANEL ONE

Different place, different lighting: a shadowy office. Angle on the MUSTACHED TECHNICIAN standing in front of a desk, not in his lab clothes.

MUSTACHED TECHNICIAN
They're going tomorrow. Two Black Razors, one of the theoretical scientists and a technician.

IVANA BAIUL (O.S.)
And you've arranged our little surprise?

MUSTACHED TECHNICIAN
Yes.

PANEL TWO

On Ivana, smiling evil-like, shadows all around her. Fingers in that finger-steeple that executive fuckos make all the time.

IVANA BAIUL
Then that should take care of Ben Santini and his irritating Black Razors once and for all.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
Or something like that. She was never very creative. Lots of finger-stroking and "haw haw haw, I'm so deliciously evil" with her.

PANEL THREE

Santini and Flint walking down the sidewalk towards the UN building.

FLINT
Is this the same Ivana Baiul who now runs the United States Civil Defense Administration?

SANTINI
The very same.

FLINT
I've heard things about her. None of them good, yet.

SANTINI
Yeah, well, don't hold your breath.

PANEL FOUR

Santini and Flint walk through the UN lobby past the painting of Guernica by Picasso.

6 CONTINUED:

http://www.usc.edu/schools/annenberg/asc/projects/comm544/library/images/744.jpg

FLINT
So what went wrong at the Project Entry Test?

SANTINI
Everything. You know how to kill a **LOT** of Firemen and Emergency Medical Technicians with a bomb?

FLINT
Do I **WANT** to know How?

SANTINI
You set off **two** bombs. Twenty minutes apart. That’s what Baiul did... set off two metaphorical bombs.

PAGE 7

PANEL ONE

The old Project Entry lab. Santini talks to Coleman and Kendricks. In the BG, everyone else buzzes about busily.

Coleman is in his Black Razor suit, NO HELMET yet. This is the shiny, silver weak-ass Black Razor suit of ye olde Wildstorm days. See WildC.A.T.S. #15&16.

COLEMAN
We gotta get you back into one of these Black Razor suits, boss-man.

SANTINI
Not me. I'm management now... I'm too important to get my hands dirty. Besides, the knee joints aren't strong enough in those things.

DR. KENDRICKS
Actually, I improved them after... uh... your... erm... incident.

PANEL TWO

Flint and Santini in an elevator heading down to the StormWatch sub-basement.

FLINT
Incident?

SANTINI
My first tour in the Black Razors, I had my left knee blown to pieces.

PANEL THREE

Hazy panel: Santini's mental image. Jacob Marlowe shoots the Razor-Suited Santini in the knee from behind, blowing his knee all to Hell. See WildC.A.T.S. #2 and/or #16 for this panel.

SANTINI (CAPTION)
Stupid little midget alien sonofabitch thought it was the best way to get my attention.

EDITOR'S CAPTION
(hey, remember these?)
*see WildC.A.T.S. #2

PANEL FOUR

Flint looks down at Santini's knees. Through the fabric of his uniform, you can see the shape of his creepy door-hinge knees.

7 CONTINUED:

FLINT
Don’t you have TWO metal knees?

SANTINI
Quit getting ahead of the story.

PAGE 8

PANEL ONE

Kendricks, Coleman & Santini. Coleman in his armor, still no helmet. This is the girly Black Razor armor of ‘94.

SANTINI
So what’s on the menu for today?

COLEMAN
We pop through to this other Earth somewhere in Arizona, then Me & Parker babysit the two eggheads while they look around, take soil samples, compare that Earth’s starfields and planets to ours. Shit like that.

COLEMAN
24 hours of watching nerds play in the dirt and making sure nothing with tentacles tries to grease us.

PANEL TWO

Blake slides his helmet over his head.

DR. KENDRICKS
Sgt. Coleman, it might be better if you examined this from the perspective of scientific exploration, rather than military threat.

SANTINI
This isn’t NASA, Dr. Kendricks. We’re paid to Hope for the best, but prepare for the worst.

COLEMAN
Hooo-ah! I heard that.

KENDRICKS
Men.

PANEL THREE

The two fully-suited black razors loaded down with weapons, and two scientists loaded down with scientific gear (telescope, computers, igloo coolers, etc.) stand on the Project Entry platform. A blue circle opens in front of them.

COLEMAN
Here we go. Let’s didi, y’all.

8 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Three of the team have gone through the circle. The last guy (Coleman) waves to Santini & Kendricks as he walks through the circle.

COLEMAN
Hey Doc! Check it out, I’m making one small step for man... and a giant leap for Black Man Kind.

DR. KENDRICKS
Ha ha.

SANTINI
Hey, **You** wanted us to play NASA.

PAGE 9

PANEL ONE

Santini and Flint walking through StormWatch HQ tunnels.

FLINT
So when did the first "bomb" go off?

SANTINI
30 hours in we hadn't heard back from the science team or their escort. Dr. Kendricks sent in one of the robots to look around. It came back covered in snow... from the Arizona desert.

FLINT
I take it there wasn't supposed to be any snow there?

SANTINI
Not in 106° heat there wasn't.

PANEL TWO

Santini stands by a door marked "Quarters: Santini, B."

SANTINI
I need to change out of this monkey suit. You want to hit the gym and I'll finish the story?

FLINT
I'll meet you there in 7 minutes.

PANEL THREE

Santini in his sparsely decorated room. He's taking off his dress shirt. On the wall beside him is a small Black-and- White photo. He's not looking at it.

NO DIALOG

PANEL FOUR

Zoom in over his shoulder on the photo of Santini & his Black Razor Team: Blake Coleman, Luis Cisco, Cyril Fleming, Rose Grady, Dawn Wu, Beau Parker, all smiling... in a posed unit photo, Santini on one knee in front of everyone else, smiling.

NO DIALOG

PAGE 10

PANEL ONE

Same group of people in roughly the same pose, but now none of them are smiling, and Coleman and Parker aren't there (nor is Santini because he's giving them a speech).

SANTINI (O.S.)
At 1530 hours today, Blake Coleman, Beau Parker and two scientists wandered out of our Universe and went M.I.A.

PANEL TWO

Reverse shot, On Santini. Grim.

SANTINI
We're going to go find them and bring them back. With Coleman out of the loop, I'm going to be taking command of the group for this mission.

SANTINI
You're all going to be assigned the new Black Anvil armor. Be careful with it... each one of these suits costs more than Guatemala.

PANEL THREE

Later. Color shift. In the Project Entry lab. Kendricks and Santini chat. Santini is in the new Black Anvil armor, helmet under his arm. THIS suit should be utterly terrifying. Jin-Roh meets Giant Robo. Fucking HUGE, covered with weapons, spikes, etc. Warhammer shit.

DR. KENDRICKS
We don't know what went wrong. Even if the system was working, I couldn't allow you to go in there... it's too dangerous!

SANTINI
You have no say in this, Doctor. Those are **my** men. My **friends**. This is what it's all about: looking out for the man standing next to you.

SANTINI
So let's not have any more talk about what you won't allow me to do. Now, simple explanation, what's going on?

PANEL FOUR

Kendricks sheepish.

10 CONTINUED:

DR. KENDRICKS
Errhm, simple explanation? Okay, imagine our universe is a pearl on a necklace. Now the pearls to the left and right of you are almost identical in size and shape... it’s only when you get further down the string that the universes start wildly deviating... famous people stop existing, Nazis take over the world, that sort of thing.

SANTINI
Waiting for the simple part.

DR. KENDRICKS
The idea was to replicate The Authority’s door without accidentally opening our universe up to invasion. Project Entry can only go to a single universe at a time. Coleman and the science team were supposed to insert into an Earth exactly like ours. I mean **EXACTLY.** The only major difference was who won the last Presidential Election.

PAGE 11

PANEL ONE

Santini irritated.

SANTINI
And so?

DR. KENDRICKS
So the universe we went to in **all** of the tests isn't the one the science team ended up in. I don't know how or why. And worse, now the entire machine is offline.

SANTINI
That's a pretty clusterfucked result for Six Hundred Seventy Three Million Dollars, Doctor.

PANEL TWO

Kendricks is upset. In the Background, the Mustached Technician waves his hand at her.

DR. KENDRICKS
You think I don't know that? My team has been over the entire system three times and we haven't been able to find anything wrong.

SANTINI
Did you check the entire machine yourself?

DR. KENDRICKS
No, I-

MUSTACHED TECHNICIAN
Dr. Kendricks! We've got the connection to the Entry Universe back online!

PANEL THREE

Santini whistles at the Black Anvil crew. The Black Anvils hustle two-by-two through the whirling blue circle.

SANTINI
That's our cue, people! Two by Two, sweep and clear, I want a clean sector when we arrive!

FLINT (CAPTION)
Is this when your second "bomb" went off?

SANTINI (CAPTION)
Yeah. They led us right into the lion's den, all right.

11 CONTINUED:

PANEL FOUR

Flint and Santini in the StormWatch gym. He wears exercise shorts and t-shirt. His freaky knees should be very obvious. They're stretching. She stretches her legs, he stretches his arms behind his back.

FLINT
Obviously, you found Coleman, yes?

SANTINI
Oh, yeah.

FLINT
So everyone was okay?

SANTINI
Oh, no...

PAGE 12-13

CENTER-PAGE SPREAD

Ben, see if you can place the ads in such a way so that we can get the staple-spread center pages for this nasty horribleness.

Dusk, New York City, PROJECT ENTRY UNIVERSE. See the coloring and shading used in #7... the world is pretty much permanently like that, all hazy and reddish.

In the foreground are the Black Razors. Behind them glows the blue teleport circle. They stare outward at a scene of utter horror.

New York is totally devastated. Utterly demolished beyond belief. In the distance, one tower still stands: The Chrysler Building. Its windows are lit up, shining bright against the smashed stumps of rubble which used to be other major buildings around it. Fires burn everywhere.

Corpses are strewn about the streets, killed in horrible fashions. Turn the atrocity meter up to Eleven. I'm talking about kids with no heads, people jammed onto parking meters ass-first, people with their own intestines wrapped around their throats and hung from lightpoles, cars rolled into steel balls with arms and feet hanging out the sides. Real Hieronymous Bosch stuff. Kill a dog, too... that always makes people feel bad even when they're innured to human suffering.

SANTINI (CAPTION)

We were far from okay...

PAGE 14

PANEL ONE

Santini (hell, man, I have no ideas as to how to keep these guys straight... we're going to need something more than just their names on their chest, though that's not a bad idea)

Inside Santini's Helmet, inside his helmet (maybe an slight upshot?) With the light of his suit's HUD reflecting onto his face. Santini's horrified. Shattered.

SANTINI
Oh My God.

CISCO (OVER RADIO)
Our Father, who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, On Earth as it is in Heaven...

CYRIL FLEMING (OVER RADIO)
Shut up, Cisco, he ain't listening. Not here.

ROSE GRADY
Holy shit! Colonel Santini, sir, look!

PANEL TWO

Santini turns back towards the teleport circle. It's not there any longer. Rose points to where it used to be.

ROSE GRADY (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Our teleportal home just disappeared!

SANTINI (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
This is just getting better and better. Does anyone have a signal lock on Coleman's suit?

DAWN WU (OVER RADIO)
Uhn... I'm going throw up!

CISCO (O.S. - OVER RADIO)
...Give us this day our daily bread...

PANEL THREE

One of the suits is bend over at the waist. The rest of the suits are arranged in a loose circle providing cover fire with their huge weapons.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Wu, this is Santini. Just close your eyes and think of flowers and ice cream. It's not real, Wu. None of it's in there with you.

14 CONTINUED:

DAWN WU (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
No! I can smell the corpses! My suit's got a leak in it!

CISCO (O.S. - OVER RADIO)
Forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive those who trespass against us...

PANEL FOUR

Santini's Command Suit posed over Dawn's suit, hand on her shoulder. All around their feet are crushed human body parts.

SANTINI (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
There's no leak in your suit, Dawn! It's all in your head! Breathe in and out... in and out... none of it's real...

DAWN WU (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Hyurrrkkkkgh!

SANTINI (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
FUCK!!! Fleming, help me get her helmet off before she chokes to death!

CYRIL FLEMING (O.S. - OVER RADIO)
I'm on the bounce, Santini!

CISCO (O.S. - OVER RADIO)
And lead us not into temptation, But deliver us from evil.

PAGE 15

PANEL ONE

One of the armored troopers leap-runs (big bouncing steps - like 10 feet in a single step) towards Santini and the bent-over Wu, whose arms are at her throat in the the Universal sign of choking.

WU (O.S.)
Urk... gurrkk... sshkk...

CISCO (O.S. - OVER RADIO)
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

SANTINI (OVER RADIO)
Goddammit, Flemming! Hurry!

CYRIL FLEMING (OVER RADIO)
Cool your jets, ***SIR***, I'm running as fast as I-

PANEL TWO

Midway-through a bounce-leap, a streaking smear of color shreds the suit in half. The armored trooper's legs go one way, his arms another, his torso liquified.

CYRIL FLEMING
Kaaazaaah!

PANEL THREE

The remaining Razors react like the crack troops they are, scattering and rolling in different directions. Wu is still choking.

SANTINI (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Hostile Tangos! Move!

PANEL FOUR

They all come up on one knee, lighting up every direction of the sky with enough blazing plasma to light the Eiffel Tower.

ROSE GRADY (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
What the FUCK was that?

SANTINI (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Who cares, KILL IT!

PAGE 16

PANEL ONE

Slight downshot. The three remaining Black Razors spin in place, eyeing the sky nervously. Wu is where they left her, still choking.

SANTINI
Cease fire! Save the ammunition!

CISCO (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Hail Mary, full of grace. The Lord is with thee-

SANTINI (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Cisco, SHUT THE FUCK UP and help me with Wu!

PANEL TWO

Santini and cisco pop Wu's helmet off. She's blue from choking to death on her own vomit.

SANTINI (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Oh, god damn it!

ROSE GRADY (OVER RADIO)
I've got movement! 70 meters to the west! That subway entrance!

PANEL THREE

Cisco and Santini snap into action, leaping down the street.

SANTINI
MOVING! Leapfrog Two by One, cover us, Grady!

PANEL FOUR

Upshot from within the Subway entrace, facing up towards streetside as Santini and Cisco point their weapons down at camera.

VOICE (O.S. DOWN)
Hold your fire!

PAGE 17

PANEL ONE

Downshot into the subway entrance. BLAKE COLEMAN stands there in his old, tinny black razor outfit.

COLEMAN (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Santini? Man you're a sight for sore eyes.

SANTINI (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
You too.

COLEMAN (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Now get down here before the Devil comes back.

SANTINI (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Cisco, Grady... pick up Fleming and Wu.

PANEL TWO

On Cisco and Grady picking up the dead Razors. Cisco gets the nasty job of dragging Fleming's two halves.

CISCO (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
God, the Father of Heaven, have mercy on us. God the Son, Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us. God, the Holy Spirit, have mercy on us.

PANEL THREE

The Razors walk down into the subway station, Coleman and Santini bringing up the rear, weapons drawn and watching for anything.

COLEMAN (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
You got Project Entry working yet?

SANTINI
It was working enough to get us here, but it's crapped out again. The teleportal disappeared right after we came through.

COLEMAN (RADIO BALLOON W/TAIL)
Yeah, that's exactly what happened to us. You think that's a coincidence?

SANTINI
Fuck No.

PANEL FOUR

Coleman walks down the subway tracks and into a dark tunnel.

COLEMAN
C'mon, the Doctor's down this way.

PAGE 18

PANEL ONE

Coleman shoves open a metal access door deep in the subway tunnel.

COLEMAN
Doc, it’s Coleman. I’m bringing some friends, don’t shoot.

DR. OFFENBERG (O.S.)
Okay, Sergeant!

PANEL TWO

Lights from the Razor’s suits illuminate the room. This is a large utility room in the subway. Repair tools for the trains, and tons of strange subway car parts, seats, poles, etc. litter the room.

In the center of the room is DR. OFFENBERG, a tiny little old man who looks a bit like Albert Einstein. He’s barely holding a GIANT OVERSIZED RIFLE.

DR. OFFENBERG
I do not think I could have held that rifle for much longer anyway.

PANEL THREE

Coleman, his helmet off, takes the rifle from the old man.

COLEMAN
Well I got good news and I got bad news, Doc. Cavalry’s here... but the teleportal is still down. Guess you’d better get back to work.

DR. OFFENBERG
Very well. This would be much easier if I had a bigger power source to work with, though...

COLEMAN
I’ll see what I can do, Doc.

PANEL FOUR

Santini pops the top on his armor and talks to Coleman. Cisco and Grady take a knee, aiming their weapons at the door.

SANTINI
What’s he working on?

COLEMAN
Emergency beacon to pop a signal through the bleed and back home.

SANTINI
What good does that do us if Project Entry isn't working?

PAGE 19

PANEL ONE

Dr. Offenberg looks up at the two Black Razors.

DR. OFFENBERG
There is nothing wrong with Project Entry. Your presence here proves that.

PANEL TWO

Santini, smiling down gently at the old man.

SANTINI
The fact that **ANY** of us are here, proves something's **VERY** wrong with that machine.

DR. OFFENBERG
Your logic is faulty. The math necessary to push us through the bleed into this universe is more precise than anything ever previously utilized by Mankind.

DR. OFFENBERG
For a malfunctioning machine to put you in the **same** universe in the same **exact** location as it put **us** instead of smearing your atoms amongst the bleed proves that Project Entry is working correctly.

PANEL THREE

The old man turns back to his work.

DR. OFFENBERG
It is being aimed wrong on **purpose**, that is all. Once your subordinates at home figure that out, they'll know what to do.

DR. OFFENBERG
Now... do you have a bigger power supply available to me than the one this poor Black Razor was using?

PANEL FOUR

Santini points to Cisco who holds the top half of Fleming and his suit, the top half of Fleming still inside, staring out, dead.

SANTINI
Give him Fleming.

SANTINI
The charged capacitor in his suit should give you enough power, Doctor.

19 CONTINUED:

PANEL FIVE

Santini and Coleman. Coleman is ashen, horrified.

SANTINI
He’s using the reactor from Beau Parker’s suit? What happened to him?

COLEMAN
It was Damned awful, Santini...

PAGE 20

PANEL ONE

Parker and Coleman walk back to back in the ruins of the city, weapons up. Dr. Offenberg and a science technician cower between them. The area is dark, shadowy. Flames from fires illuminate the horizon line.

COLEMAN (CAPTION)
We hadn't been here but five minutes when he stumbled across us.

PANEL TWO

The EVIL SPB melts out of the shadows and grabs the technician, pulling his scientific equipment away, along with his arm. RIIIIIP! When I say Melts Out Of The Shadows, I mean MELTS. See the cover reference I sent to Whilce... hands and face and everything else is all black.

COLEMAN (CAPTION)
We were totally unprepared for something on that level.

PANEL THREE

The Evil SPB tears Parker's head off of his body, helmet and all. Coleman lights up the SPB, blasting away at him with the projectile weapon. The technician is caught in the crossfire and SHREDDED LIKE CHIPPED BEEF. A SMEAR OF FLYING MEAT. We need the contrast to show how immortal DEVIL is.

COLEMAN (CAPTION)
He killed Parker right off. I gave him everything I had. I'm talking about spent uranium sabot rounds, Santini, and they just bounced off his skin.

COLEMAN (CAPTION)
And then he spoke... and it all got so much worse. His voice was like fingernails on a chalkboard.

DEVIL
It's like an egg, innit? Yeh gotta peel away the shell to get to the good bits.

PANEL FOUR

The Evil SPB eats Parker's heart. Mmm-mmm good!

20 CONTINUED:

COLEMAN (CAPTION)
He ate Parker. Took him a good ten, fifteen minutes. Seemed like an hour. I just scooped up the Doc and run.

COLEMAN (CAPTION)
And I could hear every last second of it coming through Fleming’s suit microphones.

PANEL FIVE

THIN, all black.

SOUND E/FX
(get really creative font-wise here, eh?)
Klink. Shhhhlrrrk. Blurrrb. KRAKK! Shhhlrrrrp.

DEVIL
Ahhh. That hit the spot.

PAGE 21

PANEL ONE

Santini grim.

SANTINI
I don't know who did this to us, but if we get back, there's going to be Hell to pay.

DR. OFFENBERG
Not if, WHEN. I've got the homing signal operational!

SANTINI
Wait a second... isn't there a great chance that a signal powerful enough to punch through the bleed could be heard by-

PANEL TWO

Devil bursts through the floor and grabs Rose Grady by the back of her suit.

SANTINI
Oh Shit. **GRADY**!

PANEL THREE

The Devil shakes the suit back and forth at super-blurry speed.

DEVIL
I killed one of you outside. You should have left my fresh meat outside. It was mine.

PANEL FOUR

The Devil rips a hole down the front of Grady's suit. A frothy human milkshake pours out.

DEVIL
Now I'm **angry**. And you're not going to like me when I'm angry.

PAGE 22

PANEL ONE

Full-page panel.

Devil smiles from ear to ear as he walks all bent-over and creepy towards Santini, Coleman, Cisco and Dr. Offenberger.

DEVIL
Oh, and I want to know just **how** you got **in** here... because I want to get **OUT.**

TO BE CONTINUED...

REFERENCE FOR THIS ISSUE:

HIERONYMOUS BOSCH:
http://www.i-a-s.de/IAS/Bilder/BOSCH/Haywainr.htm
http://www.i-a-s.de/IAS/Bilder/BOSCH/Judger.htm

JOHN JUDE PALENCAR is a modern Bosch-esque Guy:
http://www.artsforge.com/gallery_new/macabre/mythos.html

THE CHRYSLER BUILDING
http://www.wirednewyork.com/landmarks/chrysler/default.htm
http://xroads.virginia.edu/~1930s/DISPLAY/chrysler/Frame-1.html
http://www.greatbuildings.com/buildings/Chrysler_Building.html

MARVELMAN ONLINE
http://www.disappearhere.org/_marvelman/

THE UNITED NATIONS:

ONLINE VIRTUAL TOUR OF THE UN:
http://www.un.org/Pubs/CyberSchoolBus/untour/index.html

HERE'S A 360-DEGREE QUICKTIME OF THE SECURITY COUNCIL CHAMBER:
http://www.un.org/cyberschoolbus/untour/subsec.htm

ONLINE PHOTOS OF THE UN BUILDING:
http://www.un.org/Overview/Tours/UNHQ/#HQS-SITE